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shall delight the eye and flatter the hand as well as liberate the intellect and spirit of man by their literary contents.

The city of Cincinnati, with its old art school, was bound to see what it could do. Of late two young men of great talent have made a very strong appeal to book lovers. First, of course, Ralph Fletcher Seymour. He does not print from type, but from the block which reproduces a manly, dignified, nobby, decorative design in which the lettering and the ornamentation are strictly part of a single artistic scheme. His "Eve of St. Agnes" shows great progress on past work. It must be seen to be enjoyed. Doubtless a classic gains by the devoted craft of this young man, and it is pleasant to find an artist his own publisher.

Mr. J. L. Ludlow has just completed his lavish work on "Ye Gods and Little Fishes," published by the Robert Clarke Co. Now, of the literature, we need only say that it is a burlesque of no serious worth; for to burlesque an ancient myth is to shoot with a blunderbuss at the trail of a shooting star. Burlesques are doubtful things at best, and at worst they are tiresome efforts at deliberate wit and humor. Dr. James A. Henshall should have fished for trout or bass and not angled for the gods with puns for bait. But Mr. Ludlow—his case is surely pitiful. He has squandered some three hundred beautiful inventions, many of which are too good for praise, upon this doubtful text. He has kept the poem that Dr. Henshall meant to write always before him, and been charitably blind to the cumbersome jocoseness of the actual performance. He has provided poetry, wit, humor, grotesque fancy on every page, so that the book is a delightful thing—if not read. We trust that having proved his ability in so absurd a commission he may be given worthy employment.

W. N. G.

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MUSICAL STUDIES AND SILHOUETTES. By Camille Bellaigue. Translated by Ellen Orr. Dodd, Mead & Co.

This is a book to interest any lover of music. The essays cover a wide field, from the symphonies of Beethoven and the operas of Wagner to the musical buffoonery of Offen-

bach, and they are written with true French clearness and felicity of expression. Even if one does not agree with the author's judgments, one can read his book with pleasure and find it full of suggestion.

There are two classes of musical critics, perhaps equally entitled to respect: those who look at music as the language of the passions, and those who look at it as a vehicle for musical ideas; those who find in it an appeal to the heart, and those who find in it an appeal to the head. To the former class Wagner is the greatest of composers, and "Tristan and Isolde" his masterpiece; to the latter Beethoven is the supreme genius, and his symphonies the highest expression that music has attained. Not that Beethoven is lacking in profound emotion, or Wagner deficient in musical ideas; but the former excels in vigor and originality of musical thought, and the latter expresses vast, elemental passions with a volcanic intensity that knows no parallel.

M. Bellaigue is a critic of great discernment, but one who finds in music chiefly an appeal to the mind. He prefers Beethoven to Wagner, and, though he does not say so, he plainly considers "Tannhäuser" superior to "Tristan and Isolde." He is right from his point of view, the point of view of him who prefers Van Dyck to Rubens; but to those who look on music as the language of the passions he is in error. Still, it is always refreshing to read what he has to say.

In one respect he is certainly wrong, and that is in placing Chopin in the second rank. In all the range of music there is no such exquisite poet, no more original genius. Any one who loves the poetry of Shelley will love the music of Chopin; but it is easy to understand how the French intellect, whose very essence is logical form and common sense, can find both too ethereal, too irregular, too subtle and emotional.

In his treatment of Italian music, from Rossini to Verdi's "Otello," M. Bellaigue is even more contemptuous than the ordinary German. But in this also he is wrong. That music may be deficient in thought, in originality, in depth, it may be overloaded with meretricious ornament; but its dulcet melodies have thrilled the heart of the world as few things have thrilled it, and he whose musical education has carried him to the point where he can no longer enjoy them has lost something that he can ill afford to lose.

G. B. ROSE.